Also Called Out the Melds, to the Astonish ment of Bross, the Barber, and Koenekamp, the Saloonkeeper-They Buy the Dog for \$10 as a Speculation.

The members of the Koenekamp Pinochle Club assembled in the rear room of Henry's saloon in response to printed invitations, which read as follows:

The Greatest Wonder of the Agel
Gypsy, the Pinochie Playing Dog,
Will Play Deose Eden, Henry Koenekamp,
Bross, the Barber, Waldbauer, the Baker,
or any other Williamsburg Pinochie Champion,
Saturday Night, Nov. 15, 1902.
At Koenekamp's Saloon, corner Halph avenue
And Halesy street, Brooklyn.
All Are invited.

"I don't believe it asfore I seen it," said the barber, as he almost clipped the ear from a customer in his hurry to get through work in time to see the wonderful dog. No, I cannot believe what I see not asfore it comes off. 'Scuse me, do der seissor hurt? I vere t'inkin about dot dog. Now how can a dog meld a hundred aces even if he had dem dealt oudt? Vhat?"

"Who owns the dog?" inquired the cus-

"Some man what is a friend from Waldbauer, der baker," answered Bross. "Dot baker is always making funny tricks on me und Heary, so mebbe vhen he brings der man mit der dog ve vill not a dog have but a joke. Vhen I vould see a dog play pinochle I vould laugh till I got no more

He ry, the bartender, slipped through the side door into the barber shop while Bry as was talking, and shouted: Hurry up, the dog is here with the

fellow what owns him!" The barber pulled his white coat off and hurried into the saloon. He found all of the other members of the club there. Wald bauer, the baker, was in front of the mirror admiring a new hat which he had won from Koenekamp on an election bet. He was accompanied by his friend Haviland, the flour man, and a little fat fellow who was introduced as Mr. Miller. He whispered to Haviland that Miller was a ventriloquist out of employment. Miller had with him a little measly looking black

"Come here, Gyp!" he shouted, and the dog ran from the foot of the lunch counter where he was waiting for something to drop. "What were you after?" continued Miller, and the dog apparently answered, "A piece of bologna!

Koenekamp's eyes bulged and his hand trembled as he placed the drinks on the bar. "Bring a drink for that Dutch barber," the dog apparently said.

Bross staggered like a man who had

Bross staggered like a man who had been hit on the head.

"Hollische feuer!" he exclaimed. "How it comes like dot? Never asfore did I heard a dog speech so plain. He talks so good like I talk."

"If I couldn't talk better than you I'd drown myself," said the dog. Then the crowd laughed and said the drinks were on the barber, and he admitted it.

"Does the ginny play pinocle?" asked the dog, as Salvo, the bootblack, elbowed his way up to the bar.

the dog, as Salvo, the bootblack, cibowed his way up to the bar.

"Maraviglioso!" exclaimed the Italian; "where you geta him?"

"I trained him myself," explained Miller.

"He's the greatest card player in the world. Won three prizes at a church euchre last week."

All, the women cheated, too," added the dog.

By this time a crowd of half a hundred

men were pushing and shaving each other in an effort to get near the dog. Koene-kamp was so stunned that he stood speech-less at the end of the bar. "Come." said Waldbauer, "we had better start that pinochle game. Let us get together."

together."
I'll play Koenekamp and the barber first."
remarked the dog.

Beads of perspiration ran down the cheeks of Bross as he moved nervously toward the card table. Miller, the owner of the wonderful dog, volunteered to keep score. He explained that, as the dog had no hands to hold the cards, it was customary for him to hold them and deal for Gyp, while the dog sat on his lap and glanced at the hands dealt. Miller requested the crowd to stand back ten feet, so that in case the dog got angry during the game no one would be in danger of getting hitten. The crowd moved back and was kent keel. no one would be in danger of getting bitten. The crowd moved back and was kept back by Waldbauer, who acted as master of ceremonies. The barber dealt the cards. While Miller was sorting his hand with the dog curled up on his lap he held the cards under Gyp's nose.

'Forty trump,' said the dog.

Miller laid down the king and queen of trumps. Bross glanced over his spectacles at the dog and then at the cards.

"Dot son-of-a-gun knows so much as

Dot son-of-a-gun knows so much

"Twenty spades, sixty queens," said the dog, and as Miller picked out the cards called he placed them on the table. Koene-kamp trembled so that several of his cards fall on the floor.

fell on the floor.
"Get a basket," remarked the dog, and
the crowd laughed at Kocnekamp's The saloonkeeper ordered drinks for everybody in the place and turning to the

everybody in the place and turning to the dog, said:

"Vill you had some vhiskey, too:"

"Give mine to my boss," answered the dog; "he'll take a cigar, too, this time."

"See here," remarked Bross, "ve must not talk so much on der game. Ve must play cards. I know dot dog can talk, but mebbe he can't play pinocle so good like me."

"Well, I'll lead the ace of trump," said the dog.

the dog.
Miller sorted over the cards as if looking

for the ace mentioned.
"Yes." he said, "it's here, but I didn't *Keep your eyes open." retorted the dog. "These fellows may try to skin you."

The barber threw his cards on the table face down and shaking his fist at the dog

"I'ain't no skin!"
And as the barber continued to shake his fist Miller pinched the dog and Gyp barked and snapped. Bross jumped up.
"I vouldn't play pincele mit a dog like dot," remarked the barber. "I didn't come here to be insultationed by any liddle dog. Understand!"

"Play cards," said the dog.
"I'll play his hand out," chimed in the baker.

baker.
"I don't care myself too much to play

now, said Koenekamp, nervously. "I am villing der game should be given to der

villing der game should be given to der dog."
Haviland, the fleur man, agreed to play Koenekamp's hand and the dog said:
"Go ahead. I'll keep quiet for the rest of the game," and he did.
Koenekamp and Bross went to the end of the bar and talked in whispers. They said something about a devil in the shape of a dog. They then stood and watched the game until it had been ended. The dog won. The crowd chereil and orgiered drinks on Bross and cigars on Koenekamp. The Italian bootblack patted Gyp of the head. Eden declared he would like to try a game single-handed. Koenekamp asked Miller if he would sell the dog.
"I wouldn't take less than \$10 for him."

and Miller.
"I'll chip in five dollar," remarked the barber, and Koenekamp produced the other

"If you sell me to them Dutchmen I'll

sold me to these Dutchmen, and I'll never play a card again."
Koenekamp took the dog in his arms and carried him to the pinochle table where on behalf of Gyp he challenged Eden to play. When the cards had been dealt Bross, who was keeping elate, said:
"Come doggy, vhat do you meld?"
But the dog never melded.
And now the saloonkeeper is looking for a ventriloquist named Miller, while the barber is out scouting for a baker named Waldbauer.

MR. FROHMAN'S CONCERT.

Wagner Night at the Opera House. The third of Daniel Frohman's Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House took place last night and Wagner was made the feature of the programme. He was not, however, awarded a monopoly of the occasion. As soup before the solids, there was music by Auber, Dvorák and Liszt—the "Fra Diavolo" overture, two Slavonic dances and the E flat piano concerto. The bright prelude to Auber's tuneful opera was played with much spirit, brilliancy and precision by Walter Damrosch's orchestra, while Dr. Dvor &k's

Slavonic music was full of color. Miss Carrie Hirschman tackled Liszt's concerto, but not at all rudely. But it is a tried battlehorse of pianists and can stand almost any kind of treatment. Miss Hirschman did it no serious harm, though she robbed it of a few notes and transformed some of its rhythms. She was applauded yery warmly, and recalled several times. Charity in music begins with Sunday night

After a brief intermission the Wagner era After a brief intermission the wagner era was ushered in. It began with the duet from the second act of "The Flying Dutchman," which was sung by Anton Van Rooy and Mrs. Lillian Pray, hitherto a stranger to local audiences. Senta was an unhappier than she was last night. To be unhapped than she was last night. To be unhapped.

heroine, but she has seldom been unhappier than she was last night. To be unhappy without sufficient voice to express one's feelings or ability to do so in tune is to be wretched indeed. When to these conditions is added a shortness of breath the situation becomes almost alarming. Mr. Van Rooy and the orchestra clung grimly to the pitch and had tone to spare.

The other Wagner numbers were the prelude and finale of "Tristan und Isolde," "T a une," with violic solo by Max Bendix, the excellent concert mister of the orchestra; the evening stor sorg from "Tannia iser," sing by Mr. Vin Rooy in his customary admirable style; the overture to "Die Meistersinger." the prize song sung in clear, ringsinger." the prize song sung in clear, ring-ing tones by Ellison Van Hoose, and the quintet from the same opera, sung by Mrs. Pray, Miss Maurer, Mr. Van Hoose, Mr. Quesnel, and Mr. Van Rooy. Mr. Damrosch conducted capably throughout the evening.

SUNDAY'S CONCERTS.

Varied and Attractive Programmes Were Offered at Many Theatres.

Rice's Sunday night popular concert in the New York Theatre the bill was made up of John L. Sullivan in his monologue, James Thornton, Will S. Rising. Emma Carus, Anna Jewell, Rice's "ponies" and other turns.

At the Metropolis Theatre Al H. Wilson, Tom Brown and Cyrene Nevarre were among those who contributed to the entertainment The fourth Sunday night concert con-

ducted by C. F. Zittel at the Herald Square Theatre included Joe Welch, the Imperial Four, Edward J. Rice, Ford and Cantwell, Mrs. Charles B. Ward, the Mannings, Mason and Mason, Harding and Ah Sid and the Great Saona. At Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre the bill was headed by Clayton White and

Marie Stuart and company. John Kernell, Lizzie Evans and company, Mme. Emmy and De Villiers were among the company at the Twenty-third street house. The list at the Fifty-eighth street theatre was headed by Kelley's Zonaves, Duffy, Saw-telle and Duffy and Sydney Grant. Up at

the 125th street theatre the Sunday night vaudeville included Post and Clinton, Gardner and Vincent, Billy Carter and Klein and Clifton.

At the West End Theatre a "Foxy Grandpa" concert was given under the direction of William A. Brady, Joseph Grandpa concert was given under the direction of William A. Brady, Joseph Hart and Carrie De Mar headed the list. Among the attractions at the Harlem Opera House concert were Grapewin and Chance, Billy Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. Robyns, Charles B. Lawlor and daughters, Gallando and La Belle Blanche.

and La Belle Blanche.
At the Grand Opera House Cole and
Johnson, Burke, Moller and Teller and
Emma Carus appeared.
A bill of more than a dozen vaudeville turns was presented to the patrons of the

Devey Theatre.

The Third Avenue Theatre had John L. Sullivan and ten other acts.

At Ted Marks's concert at the American Theatre there appeared among others Winston and Reynolds, Crane brothers and Belmont, Rita Redmond and Fred

The programme at the New Star was needed by Joe Welch, Ryan and Richfield and the Three Dumonds. The new Pomeranian Orchestra was heard at the Eden Musée. Sunday concerts were given at the Or-pheum and the Columbia in Brooklyn.

IDENTIFYING PUBLIC AUTOS. Five Drivers Arrested in the Park for the

The question of whether the public automobiles of the New York Transportation Company should show a number as a licensed hack, or the initials of the owner as a private automobile, came up when five of the company's drivers were arraigned in the Yorkville police court after having been arrested in Central Park on

Saturday afternoon on instructions from Corporation Counsel Rives.

The company contends that some of its vehicles were rented privately, and, con-sequently, it was not necessary for them to have the number on the lamp, and as they were not private machines the initials were

The Corporation Counsel had advised Commissioner Partridge that the Highway law required that an automobile, except public hacks, trucks and such vehicles, does not require a license, but must have the owner's initials in a conspicuous place on it. Nothing in that law prescribes regulations for public vehicles, but the Corporation Counsel gave it as his opinion that

poration Counsel gave it as his opinion that
the corporation ordinance covers the public
automobiles. This requires that the number of the license be put on the carriage
lamp and on the side of the vehicle for the
purpose of identification.

One of the men arrested was George
Nelson, a chauffeur employed by the Transportation company. His machine was
rented by the month from the company
by Mrs. Frank H. Platt, the wife of Senator
Platt's son.

Platt's son.

When the men were taken before the Magistrate a representative of the Transportation company asked that the examination be postponed until to-day, so that counsel could be present to maintain the ground taken by the company that no law had been violated. This request the Magistrate granted.

To Carry Supplies to Dewey's Fleet. NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 16.-The collier

Sterling is prepared to sail to-morrow for Culebra Island. She carries in her cargo many tons of crushed granite and bricks to be used in making foundations for heavy guns. She carries, also, ten seven-ton anchors as extras to be used by the big ships of the Dewey fleet and 1,000 tons of steam

"If you sell me to them Dutchmen I'll never play another game of cards in my life," said the dog. "I'll pretend I don't know anything about pinochle."

"My gracious!" exclaimed the barber. "Good-by, Gyp," said Miller, as he reached for the \$10.

The saloonkeeper tied the dog to the door of the loebox behind the bar.

"Good-by, Gyp," said Waldbauer, as he started for the door.

"I'll get square," replied the dog. "You anothers as extras to be used by the big ships of the Dewey fleet and 1,000 tons of steam oal.

Boats Were Nodding, Courtseying, Bowing.

The log of the French liner La Touraine, in yesterday from Havre, records in English as she is writ by the purser, the liner countered a "sweet breeze" on Thursday and the next day a "changeable, pretty breeze"; also that on Tuesday she "exchanged the bow with La Champagne."

GLOISTEIN GOOD AT BOWLING.

BUT NOT AS GOOD AS WAGNER, PLUS THE PIN BOY.

His Opponent Makes Strikes at Will and Wins Three of the Five Games They'd Bet On-Wire Across the Alley Not Found Till the Match Was Over.

August J. Gloistein, president of the Gloistein Fishing Club, on Saturday night tried to even up things with his friend Charlie Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, by bowling a match with him in the Stitch McCarthy alleys in Forsyth street where District Attorney Jerome exercises nearly every night.

Although Gloistein rolled up a wonderful score he was beaten by Wagner. Wagner and Gloistein played a game on

Friday night and Wagner was up to his usual mark, averaging about 115. Gloistein, who wears on his breast medals won for bowling at the Plattdeutsch Schützen Bund, the Pretzel Makers' Turn Verein and the Hiker Grocery Boys' League looked at him in disgust.
"Charlie," he said, "vy don't you go undt

bragdice. Id was a shame ter blay mit you. You ought to blay marples." "Is dot so?" said Wagner. "Vell you

bed sometings undt I will blay you a match game to-morrow night. "Ach, such a choke," replied Gloistein

I will bed you von hundredt tollars ter ten dot I bead you dree games oudt of fife and a keg of peer unt each game." The money was put up and the match made then and there.

Most of the members of the Fishing Club Most of the members of the Fishing Club were on hand on Saturday night. Wagner brought with him a lot of rooters from Coriears Hook, headed by Pat Rehoe, the Marble Yard Man: Louis Geils of the Hanfield House, Jake Hau; the butcher, George Muir and Charlie Luger of Brooklyn, "Brooklyn Johnnie" Reagan and Jimmy Deevy.

District Attorney Jerome saw part of the game, but left before the sensational climax. Wagner's friends offered to bet on him at all kinds of odds and Gloistein went among his friends whispering: "Taig effery bed. Gif him won hundredt ter won if you can't ged id any other yay. Vagner is a singe." ged id any other vay. Vagner is a singe."
Gloistein bowled first. The first ball struck an outside pin but the ten pins all dropped. The fishermen applauded. Gioistein's next shot was another strike and there was wild cheering.
"I vin der meney alreatty." said Gloistein.

as he hugged Nick Gunter, his brother-in-

When Wagner threw his first ball he fell on his face, but the ball just reached the pins and all fell down. "I vould haf made two strikes," he shouted, "if I didn't fell." Gloistein then got a strike and so did Moissein then got a strike and so old wagner. Gloistein's friends looked worried and one of them gave him a drink of brandy. "Vat gan I do ven I nog dem all down effery time? he said.

When it got to the tenth frame each had nine strikes, but Wagner's friends were the only ones who looked screene.

the only ones who looked serene.
Gloistein bowled again and got a spare. Wagner followed with a strike and won the game. Then the keg of beer was tapped. The news of the wonderful bowling spread through the neighborhood and the place was soon crowded. The contestants were allowed ten minutes to cool off, but Gloistein appeared to need it more than Wagner. In the next game Wagner only got 125 points and Gloistein beat him with 225. Gloistein was also a winner in the third

game.
In the fourth game Wagner got ten strikes in succession and Gloistein got nine and a

"Ach, I loose dis by a neg," he said. "Vait for der next von." Honors were even when the contestants started on the fifth and deciding game. Gloistein made nine strikes in succession and so did Wagner. In the tenth frame Gloistein threw a spare. Wagner followed with a ball that

spare. Wagner followed with a ball that rolled off the alleys, but the ten pins dropped

"According to the referee Wagner wins the game by a narrow margin. I will pay the money to those who bet on Wagner." Wagner and his friends filed out of the alley as fast as they could, and when Gloi-stein was able to understand what his friends were trying to tell him he rushed down the alley and found the pin boy endeavoring to unfasten a wire from his ankle, the other end of which was attached to a nail on the took a pair of earrings and a little pocketother side of the alley, just in front of the

head pin Gloistein grabbed the boy but he was rescued by the others and shoved out of a window. Investigation showed that the wire had been so placed that the boy, with his foot, could knock all the pins down

"I haf been cheaded undt am a sugger yonce more," shouted Gloistein to his

He stood in front of Wagner's store all day yesterday but Wagner didn't show up. Stitch McCarthy, proprietor of the alleys, said last night: "They hired the alley for the night from me and insisted on putting their own boy there to set up the pins. I told them that my boys were all right but Wagner would have that friend of his officiate and Gloistein was agreeable."

Wagner was in the Hanfield House last night and when asked about the game,

"Dot vas all foolishness abouid any vire "Dot vas all foolishness abould any vire.
Dot vas an honest leedle poy. If Gloistein kigs, ask him abould der dime dot he
pud a pound of lead in der fish, undt vinned
der prize fer der heaviest fish from me."

John McDonough Says Two Men Stole His Team and His 32 Cents.

According to the story told yesterday in the Essex Market police court by John McDonough of 64 Gouverneur street, he was held up in Park row near Pearl street Saturday night by two highwaymen, who dragged him from a buggy, stole 32 cents and then drove away with the horse and

buggy.
Not long after two men were seen speed-ing the horse up the Bowery. At Grand street they drave over Mrs. Molly Pearl-man of 208 Delancey street.

man of 208 Delancey street.

A policeman stopped the buggy and one of the men jumped out and ran away. The other, who was caught, said he was Alfred Bradley of 55 Bowery. The horse and buggy were identified by McDonough, who also said that Bradley was one of his assailants.

In the police court yesterday Bradley was held for trial on a charge of highway robbery.

EIGHT TROLLEY CARS BURNED. Nearly the Whole Outfit of the Green Line in Elizabeth, N. J.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 16 .- Almost the entire trolley outfit of the Green line, formerly owned by United States Senator John erly owned by United States Senator John Kean and recently sold to the Plainfield and Central Jersey Street Railway Company, was wiped out by fire at 2 o'clock this morning by reason of an electric light wire falling on the roof of one of the eleven cars stored for the night in the iron car sheds at the foot of East Jersey street.

The car burned furiously and soon seven more cars were ablaze. The cars burned like tinder and before the firemen got to work the entire structure fell in. Three cars were saved. The loss will be about \$22,000.

The company was forced to use open cars to-day.

W. Scott Cameron's Injuries. HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Nov. 16 .- W. Scott ameron, who received a bad fall on he hunting field Saturday will not be able to hunt again this season. The injuries as described by Dr. C. G. Finn, his physician, are concussion of the brain, contusions of head and body and shock. His condition to-night, Dr. Finn said, was very satisfactory. He was improving as rapdily as could be expected. PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS

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"The Big Men will not be-or not mean to be-oppressors, unless it "becomes necessary in their business"that is to say, they will not want to control everybody except "for their good," but they must and will control all the same; but butchers and bakers and candlestick makers will thrive by their patronage if they are good, and languish without it if they are going to "kick"; and not alone tradesmenand laboring classes, but also the lawyers, the bankers and brokers, the preachers, the college presidents, the politicians, the mayors, the governors, the senators, the cabinet members-yea, even the most strenuous of Presidents . . . But all must be the Big Men's men-that is the basis-and everybody will do business by receiving the favors of those in the favor of the "Big

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OLD JOHN GRAHAM says: "Whenever any one offers to let you in on the ground floor, it's a protty safe rule to take the elevator to the roof garden."

VIDAL TO LOSE HIS HEAD.

THE FRENCH WOMAN-KILLER TO BE GUILLOTINED.

Man of Many Murders Caught a Tartar The Power of the "Savate"-The Prisoner's Clumsy Acting in Court.

PARIS, Nov. 7.-Henri Vidal, the French

Jack the Ripper," after a comparatively brief trial in the Assizes Court of the Alpes-Maritimes last week, was convicted and sentenced to death. Unlike his prede essor in England, Vidal became a woman killer for money, and very little money at that. Neither did he confine his opera tions entirely to the class to which "Jack" exclusively paid attention. Vidal was not particular in the matter of selection. He went abroad at night armed with a carving knife "just to kill some woman," as he boldly admitted in court. But, as he kney Jake Miller, one of Wagner's friends, who acted as stakeholder for all the bets, jumped on a chair and shouted:

that the testimony against him was crushing and conclusive, this dramatic admission on his part was fully appreciated by the that the testimony against him was crush jury. It was part of his insanity plea his trial there was too much method in his madness, and in the clear light of the robberies of the dead bodies of his victims the miserable motive of his crimes was book containing a few francs, the scanty wages of sin. From another all that he gained, or at least all that was traced directly to him, was a ring, which he pawned Had he lived some forty odd years ago he would doubtless have been a business

partner of Dumollard, the wholesale partner of Dumollard, the wholesale butcher of servant girls.

Vidal stood calm and collected throughout his trial. His answers to the Court were carefully made, all attempting to prove that he was the victim of hypnotism or something akin to it, and that, consequently, he was not responsible.

Now as to his responsibility, Prof. Lacassagne of the faculty of Lyons was called. The result of the doctor's examination was that Vidal was a "superior degenerate." The doctor added that the accused could only invoke a mere fraction of the very weak attenuation of responsi-

degenerate." The doctor added that the accused could only invoke a mere fraction of the very weak attenuation of responsibility that can be claimed in behalf of creatures of his kind. The other experts refused to allow him any claim even to that fraction. So the jury convicted him and remained silent on the question of the "attenuating circumstances."

It is not necessary, fortunately, to follow the horrible details of the testimony against Vidal. Suffice it to say that the chief witness for the prosecution was a strong and handsome young woman, who had learned the scrite. In attempting to butcher her Vidal caught a tartar. He cut and she kicked. One of her kicks, well directed, the one which the court said saved her life, laid the assassin helpless on the floor. Vidal was caught.

Vidal was caught.

life, laid the assassin helpless on the floor. Vidal was caught.

And now in appearance what sort of monster is this Vidal? Here is his pen picture: He is 35 years old, of medium stature and with a most repulsive face. His forehead is low; his hooked nose is extremely long; his lips are thick and coarse; his eyes are small, round and pieroing, with a hard expression increased by the depth from which they glare under his great eyebrows.

He listened to the verdict unmoved. He refused to sign an appeal, remarking that it was useless, and that, after all, he was rather glad to know that his neck would be cut. "That at last," he said, "will put an end to my sufferings."

His personal appearance, his crimes and his attitude in court bring back the ghost of Dumollard. The last words of that butcher as he stood upon the scaffold are among the most remarkable in the history of the guillotine. Brushing aside the imploring priest, after telling him that he wanted none of his nonsense, Dumollard called out to one of the assistants: "Jacques, tell my wife that the Duval woman owes us three-francs!"

wa three francs!"
What will Vidal say on the scaffold?

The "Delineator's" Birthday Number. The Delineator celebrates its thirtieth birthday by the publication of a beautiful Christmas number.: It is fuller and more elaborate than usual in all its departments from the handsome cover in rich, dark tints to the final page. Some of the fashion plates are printed in colors, and all of them are remarkably attractive. Sir Edwin Arnold contributes a poem, "The Nativity, Arnold contributes a poem, "The Nativity," which is illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker. Christy has drawn the pictures for a story by F. Hopkinson Smith. Among the other makers of good reading for this holiday issue are John Luther Long, who wrote "Madame Butterfly," Frank Prench, Frank Dempster Sherman, Josephine Dodge Daskam and Amelia E. Barr. The frontispiece is a spirited sketch of Broadway on Christmas Eve.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the price of the Christmas (Edition de Luxe) number of

THE DELINEATOR

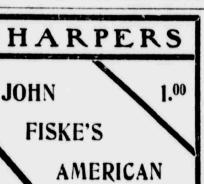
will be 15 cents per copy, the annual subscription price remaining the same, \$1.00 per year.

The October and November issues of The Delineator were entirely exhausted, although 806,000 copies of the November number were printed. With an edition of

900,000 COPIES

of this special Christmas number (Edition de Luxe) it is the hope of the publishers that the demand may be supplied.

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HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York "Figaro" Man Here Taking Notes Jules Huret of Le Figaro arrived yester day aboard the French liner La Touraine from Havre. He will study American life, sending his impressions to his paper. He will note particularly the financial and in-

dustrial methods of the country and their probable effect upon European countries. One taste convinces KORN-KRISP Snappy as it's name

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